Darkness rests like a pall upon the streets, which are now deserted. The basy throng which has swept the thoroughfares until late at night, has has swept the theroughfares until late at night, has ceased to flow, and the great metropolis no longer throbs its living tide through the accustomed arteries. The snow has been felling fast for an hour, and the sharp gusts sweep round the corner and go wailing down the dim avenues, as if sorrowing for human woo. The lamp lights gleam pale and siekly out through the storm. The policeman, or some reveller, and the winds, alone disturb the silving that reigns.

silence that reigns.

Turn towards where the lepers of want and vice Turn towards where the lepers of want and vice have gathered, as if in sympathy. The foul crater is active, for its more deadly fumes ascend in the darkness of the night. Down below the surface of the earth, are pits, where the ruffically and the vile are at their revels. There is a faint, deathly glare from the dirty windows, and in spite of the wintry blast, an occasional breath of the rum hole recking beneath. And then there often comes up some startling ha! ha! to mingle with the shricking of the wind.

the wind.

Here is a dark alley, scarce wide enough to admit a person, running back where no light breaks in upon the impenetrable darkness. The foot strikes a step, and we climb upward upon a creaking flight of stars. The snow and wind whiri-flarcely over the roof and shake the crazy structure to its foundation, but we lean closer to the walls and mount upward.

Five stories up, and we stand upon the narrow platform and peer down with a whirling brain, into the black ocean below. Turning into a narrow hall, we stand before a shattered door, revealing a feeble light within. Even in this winter night, the miasma of pollution floats through the building like a nextlense.

What a scene as we enter that chamber! Here poverty and want reign in their ghostly loneliness and solitude. The silence of desolation broods over all, and the faint lamp light, flickering to its over all, and the faint lamp light, flickering to its wane, is like the beam which creeps up from the exhalations of the grave. There is not a coal in the grate, nor a chair in the room. The gasts of wind sift the snow through the cracks by the door, and an involuntary chill steals over the surface, and then into the heart. Starvation, guant, pinched and spectral, stalks before the imagination, and mingles a footfall with every gust that rattles the shuttered door.

And do human creatures dwell in such abodes as Hist!

Hist!

There is a sound in that dark corner. There is a sigh as if a life of agony were crushed at once from the heart. And then a spectre form slowly rises and stalks towards the light. It is a woman, but God! how thin and haggard! A fiercer gust shakes the old building. She stands in a listening attitude, as its low wall dies away, and then, wildly staring at vacancy, takes her seat mechanically upon a box by the light. Her face is thin, and every feature the footprint of unutterable agony. The eyes are sunken and inflamed, but as tearless as her cheek and lip are bloodless. The latter is thin and drawn closely, as if in mortal suffering, over her teeth.

She leans towards the waning taper, and takes a garment in her hand upon which she has been sew ing. How fearfully calm and tearless she appears ing. How fearfully calm and tearless she appears! We look until some nightmare fascination chains us to the spot. Save a startling wildness about the eye, it would not seem that those features had over been stirred by a human passion. She holds her lands towards the light in the attempt to threads her needle but fails; and still, with her hands extended, stares at the dim taper.

THE RAVEN.

BY MRS. WHITMAN.

Raven, from the dim dominions On the Night's Plutoniau shore, Oft I hear thy dusky pinions Wave and flutter round my door-See the shadow of thy pinious Float along the moon-lit floor.

Often, from the oak-woods glooming Round some grim, ancestral tower. In the lurid distance looming-Some high, solitary tower-I can hear thy storm-cry becming Through the lonely, midnight hour.

When the moon is at the zenith, Thou dost haunt the moated hall, Where the marish flower greeneth O'er the waters like a pall-

Where the House of Usher leaneth Darkly nodding to its fall. There I see thee, dimly gliding-

See thy black plumes waving slow-In its hollow casements hiding, When their shadow yawns below, To the sullen tarn confiding

The dark secrets of their woe. When the midnight stars are burning In their cressets silver clear,-

When Ligen's spirit yearning For the earth-life wanders near .-When Morella's soul returning, Wierdly whispers, "I am here."

Then, all night I see thee wheeling Round a couch of India's room, Where a shrouded form, congealing In the cerements of the tomb, Sleeps beneath the vaulted ceiling

Of Rowena's bridal room

Once, within a realm enchanted, On a fur isle of the seas, By unearthly visions haunted, By uncarthly melodies, Where the evening sunlight slanted Golden through the garden trees,-

Where the dreamy moonlight dozes, Where the early violets dwell, Listening to the silver closes Of a lyric loved too well, Suddenly, among the roses,

Like a cloud, thy shadow fell, Once, where Ulalume lies sleeping, Hard by Auber's haunted mere, With the ghouls a vigil keeping, On that night of all the year, Came thy sounding pinions, sweeping Through the leafless woods of Weir !

Oft, with Proscrpine I wander On the Night's Plutonian shore, Hoping, fearing, while I pender On thy loved and lost Lenore-On the demon doubts that sunder Soul from soul forever more ;-

threads her needled but fails; and still, with her hands extended, stares at the dim taper.

There is a stirring in the heap of rags beside her and the woman starts as if stung by an adder. The faintest flush passes over her cheek, and she mutters to herself as she more hutriedly essays to thread the needle.

From the heap of rags a boy has come forth!

A child of ten years, perhaps—be atands before that spectral mother, and it in heap of the strength of the The nother powers are all the works and the progress of the states where the first and the works are all the progress of the p

time been done by the Chinnes, who have even the second in crowing breeds, as with animals of soap by the Haytien, I may as well mention here how it is consumed. I have spoken in a previous letter of their cleanliness. They are as punctual as Mussainen in tier ablutions, and they are separated the shades of the form their conting table. No matter how the type poorest and humble the fabric, the very poorest in grammatic fresh and humble the fabric, the very poorest in this may fables may be had in greater other clean and humble the fabric, the very poorest in grammatic fresh and that was a find for a poor of the fabric poor of the fa

country, as we would to a poultry yard, to be furnished for our dinner. Fishes may not only be naturalized, but civilized, so to speak, domesticated. Though they cannot learn much, having but a very small amount of brain, and that less solid than warm-blooded animals—the shark's being but 1-2500 of his body, and the tunny fish 1-37,400, while in man it is 1-25, yet they "remember the hand that feeds them," and by the voice of the master become quite tame. Dr. Balch of Amesbury has a nurrery, where this may be seen; and a few years ago, a little girl on the South shore, had so overcome their timid natures, that they would come in answer to the names she gave them, and feed from her band. There have been many instances of the kind, and hereafter it may be a common occurrence. mon occurrence.

THE BOY OF PRINCIPLE.

Previous to the late Presidential election, Mrs Previous to the late Presidential election, Mrs. H. took her little son, about four years old, upon her lap and tried to impress upon his mind the difference between liberty and slavery. She told him the story of some children sold from their parents, and asked him how he would feel if some wicked men should sell him away from his father and mother and grandmother and sister, and he were never permitted to see them any more? His little heart was too full for utterance. He went away to his play, and the circumstance was forgotten away to his play, and the circumstance was forgotten

y the mother.

A few weeks after, the electionary spirt began to run high. The boys about the streets were shout ign, Hurrah for Scott-Hurrah for Pierce! little Ed win came rouning to his mother with great anxiety in his countenance. "Does Scott sell, mother? does Scott sell?"

"What do you mean, my son?"
"Will Scott sell children?"
"I do not know that he would sell them," said
"I do not know that he would sell them," said the mother, "but he sustains those that do sell." Does Pierce sell?

"His principles are the same with Scott," re-plied the mother.
"Well," said our little philosopher, "I will never hurrah for them. Who can I hurrah for,

"Hale," said the mother, "is opposed to slavery and to the selling of children." "Hurrah for Hale, then," and he made the halls

ring again.
"I want a flag, mother."
And his mother could find no rest till she had made a little flag with the names of Hale and Julian upon it. And every day as the boys would pass shouting for Scott or Pierce, our little hero would rush into the street with his little flag waving in the breeze, and cry, "Hurrah for Hale and Julian."

The father was a good deal annoyed at his son's politics, for he was a strong Scott man. He tried in vain for some time to induce his son to hurral for Scott. One day his father came in and called

for Scott. One day his father came in and called his little son to him.

"I have a present for you," said he.

His eyes sparkled for the present.

"Don't you want some candy, a ball, a little horse, or a whip?" And enumerating the toys till the excitement grew to an ecstacy, the father then offered him a dollar, and said:

"You may have that, and go to the toy shop and lay it all out in two and condy—set, inst as much

lay it all out in toys and candy—get just as much as you please, if you will go out in the street and hurrah for Scott." Edwin looked at the dellar for a moment, and

then raised his form to the greatest enpacity and "I cannot hurrah for Scott, but (and thrusting his hand into his pocket) I will give you a cent if you will hurrah for Hale."—Christian Press.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SULTAN DE SCENDED FROM AMERICAN ANCESTORS.

and pulseless form of the toil worn, heart broken, hungered mother.

That day the officer entered the fireless chamber, to remove the dead seamstress. In that dark corner, where the wounan was first seen, was the husband. He had been a corpse for more than ten days, and she toiling to escape starvation, and watching with the shroudless, unburied dead.

The two found a home and an endless rest in Potter's Field, and the pinched and starving boy, bread in the alms-house.

HAYTIEN CLEANLINESS.

In that dark corneas, and at seasons preventing re-production; and habits, and the thoughtless manner of taking them by improper means, and the thoughtless manner of taking them by improper means, and at seasons preventing re-production; "Yery true, Mr. Joliffe," answers the dector, "and I, who am always among the poor, see a great deal of the very best manure for taking them by improper means, and the season preventing re-production; "and I, who am always among the poor, see a great deal indeed? But I find, in nine cases out of ten, it's their own fault; they either own fault; they either spend all the amony they earn in drink, or garden and has access to large a great deal of misery—a great deal indeed? But I find, in nine cases out of ten, it's their own fault; they either own fault; they either and I the money they earn in drink, or garden and has access to large a great deal of misery—a great deal indeed? But I find, in nine cases out of ten, it's their own fault; they either own fault; they either and I the money they earn in drink, or great deal indeed? But I find, in nine cases out of ten, it's their own fault; they either own fault; they either own fault; they either own fault; they of a correspondent of the New England bones, he may decompose them as did the neighbor of a correspondent of the New England in nine cases out of ten, it's their own fault; they either own fault; they be of a correspondent of the New England in nine cases out of ten, it's their own fault; they either own fault; they own fault; they say

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANCE.

BY MRS. PARAH T. BOLTON.

Voyager upon life's sea, To yourself be true, And where'er your lot may be, Paddle your own canoe.

Never, though the winds may rave, Falter nor look back. But upon the darkest wave Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm, Stem the hardest gale, Brave of heart and strong of arm You will never fail : When the world is cold and dark. Keep an aim in view,

Paddle your own cance. Every wave that bears you on To the silent shore, From its sunny source has gone,

And towards the beacon-mark

To return no more. Then let not an hour's delay Chent you of your due; But, while it is called to-day, Paddle your own cance.

If your birth denied you wealth, Lofty state and power. Honest fame and hardy health Are a better dower;

But if these will not suffice, Golden gain pursue, And to gain the glittering prize, Paddle your own cance.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame From the hand of Fate; Would you write a deathless name, With the good and great? Would you bless your fellow men?

Heart and soul imbus With the holy task, and then Paddle your own canoe. Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,

In the world's free fight? With a spirit brave and strong, Battle for the Right : And to break the chains that bind The many to the few-

Paddle your own canoa, Nothing great is lightly won, Nothing won is lost-Every good deed, nobly done. Will repay the cost, Leave to Heaven, in humble trust. All you will to do:

But, if you succed, you must

Paddle your own cance.

To enfranchise slavish mind,

MARTYRDOM AT ROME.

A correspondent of the New York Crusader writing from Rome, says:—
"The prisons of Diocletian are deep, narrow, and damp. No daylight shines into these caves; no pure air is breathed by the unfortunate inmates.

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P. M.

June 31st 1853. June 31st, 1853.

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OFFICE, OLD BANK BUILDING. JAMES KELLY, PRES. LEVI MARTIN, Sec'y. Dec. 31, 1853.-3m. Executors Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly qualified as executor of the last will and testament of William Cook, late of the County of Columbiana, dec'd; all those indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present the same within one year from this date for settlement.

WILLIAM ALLOWAY. March 20, 1854.-3w.

The Sugar Creek Water Cure. cess which has thus far attended our efforts to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, enables us to speak confidently of the virtues of pure soft water, a pro-

Terms \$5 in ordinary cases, payable weekly. Dr. T. L. Nichols, of the American Hydropathic Institute, and Editor of the Nichols' Health Jour

nal, in noticing the Water Cure movements of the country, says of us:—

"Dr. Fries, a most thorough and energetic physician, has a Water Cure at Sugar Creek Falls, O His terms are very moderate, but there are few places we could recommend with greater confidence." Address, Dr. S. Frease, Deardoff's Mills, Tusco

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Mountain June Potatoes, (very fine,)
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Sweet Potatoes, a new variety from North Care lina. It has proved the most prolific and desirable for northern culture that has ever been introduced n this market.

New Varieties of Cabbage Seed, (Imported,) " Radish "
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20,000 Evergreens, 30 New and superb varieties Strawberry, Raspberry, 20 " " Raspberry,
15 " " Gooseberry.
Together with the finest collection of Plants an
Shrubs ever offered in this market, for sale by
E. R. SHANKLAND, 20 " " " " 15 " "

129 Wood St., Pitts. Feb. 18, 1854. 3 m.

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Thomas.

Tho

IS OF MAMMOTH SIZE AND SUFFICIENT TO TAKE SIXTY PERSONS ON A SINGLE PLATE.

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AT COLD WATER, MICHIGAN, For the cure of Acute and Chronic Diseases, is in successful operation. Address for particulars, DR. JOHN B. GULLY, Cold Water, Mich. Jan. 21, 1853.-3m.

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Six bushels of these Celebrated Peas, by planting which, as much fodder can be raised on one acre as can be raised off of five of anything else that can be sowed, and it is better for the soil than clover.

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ations.

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Dec. 31, 1863.—ly